

abbeys of *Bacsis*, of which Marco speaks, and the exact date (no longer visible) of the monument was equivalent to A.D. 1288.*

This city occupies the south-east angle of a more extensive enclosure, bounded by what is now a grassy mound, and embracing, on Dr. Bushell's estimate, about 5 square miles. Further knowledge may explain the discrepancy from Marco's dimension, but this must be the park of which he speaks.† The woods and fountains have disappeared, like the temples and palaces; all is dreary and desolate, though still abounding in the game which was one of Kúblái's attractions to the spot. A small monastery, occupied by six or seven wretched Lamas, is the only building that remains in the vicinity. The river Shangtu, which lower down becomes the Lan [or Loan]-Ho, was formerly navigated from the sea up to this place by flat grain-boats.

[Mgr. de Harlez gave in the *T'oung Pao* (x. p. 73) an inscription in *Chuen* character on a *stele* found in the ruins of Shangtu, and built by an officer with the permission of the Emperor; it is probably a token of imperial favour; the inscription means: *Great Longevity*.—H. C.]

In the wail which Sanang Setzen, the poetical historian of the Mongols, puts, perhaps with some traditional basis, into the mouth of Toghon Temur, the last of the Chinghizide Dynasty in China, when driven from his throne, the changes are rung on the lost glories of his capital *Daïtu* (see *infra*, Book II. ch. xi.) and his summer palace *Shangtu*; thus (I translate from Schott's amended German rendering of the Mongol):

“ My vast and noble Capital, My Daïtu, My splendidly adorned !
 And Thou my cool and delicious Summer-seat, my Shangtu-Keibung !
 Ye, also, yellow plains of Shangtu, Delight of my godlike Sires !
 I suffered myself to drop into dreams,—and lo ! my Empire was gone !
 Ah Thou my Daïtu, built of the nine precious substances !
 Ah my Shangtu-Keibung, Union of all perfections !
 Ah my Fame ! Ah my Glory, as Khagan and Lord of the Earth !
 When I used to awake betimes and look forth, how the breezes blew loaded with
 fragrance !
 And turn which way I would all was glorious perfection of beauty !

Alas for my illustrious name as the Sovereign of the World !
 Alas for my Daïtu, seat of Sanctity, Glorious work of the Immortal Kúblái !
 All, all is rent from me !”

It was, in 1797, whilst reading this passage of Marco's narrative in old Purchas that Coleridge fell asleep, and dreamt the dream of Kúblái's Paradise, beginning :

“ In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree :
 Where Alph, the sacred River, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.”

* These particulars were obtained by Dr. Bushell through the Archimandrite Palladius, from the MS. account of a Chinese traveller who visited Shangtu about two hundred years ago, when probably the whole inscription was above ground. The inscription is also mentioned in the *Imp. Geography* of the present Dynasty, quoted by Klaproth. This work gives the interior wall 5 *li* to the side, instead of 2 *li*, and the outer wall 10 *li*, instead of 4 *li*. By Dr. Bushell's kindness, I give a reduction of his sketch plan (see *Itinerary Map*, No. IV. at end of this volume), and also a plate of the heading of the inscription. The translation of this is: “ Monument conferred by the Emperor of the August Yuen (Dynasty) in memory of His High Eminence Yun Hien (styled) Chang-Lao (canonised as) Shou-Kung (Prince of Longevity).” [See *Missions de Chine et du Congo*, No. 28, Mars, 1891, Bruxelles.]

† Ramusio's version runs thus: “ The palace presents one side to the centre of the city and the other to the city wall. And from either extremity of the palace where it touches the city wall, there